

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, & answere mee,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
Reuisites thus the glimles of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Beckins.

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull somner of the cleefe
That bettles ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might depriue your soueraignie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyces of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagion.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

De

Ghost.